# EDITORIAL PAGE OF THE JOURNAL


## THE JOURNAL

AN INDEPENDENT NEWSPAPER.

C. S. JACKSON.....Publisher

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Let friendship creep gently to a height; if it rush to it, it may soon run itself out of breath.—Fuller.

### ROCKEFELLER'S EDUCATIONAL FUND

OREGON IS not to share in the distribution of the Rockefeller millions for educational purposes. The reason assigned is that Oregon colleges, denominational and otherwise, are not more widely scattered over the state. The decision is by the board designated for control of the $43,000,000 the oil king has set aside for education.

It is doubtful if the position taken by the board is tenable. The seven colleges enumerated in the board's statement are situated in the Willamette valley, a territory greater in area than any one of several states in which funds will be expended. On the basis of the 100 miles in each direction that the board says a college serves, almost the whole of Oregon between the Cascades and the ocean would be included. It is an area of more than 25,000 square miles. On the basis of area the Oregon colleges have 20 times as great a claim as Rhode Island with 1250 square miles, five times as great as Connecticut with 4845 square miles, 12 times as great as Delaware with 2050 square miles, almost as large as Maine with 31,500 square miles, three times as large as Massachusetts with 8315 square miles, twice as large as Maryland with 12,210 square miles, nearly three times as large as New Hampshire with 9336 square miles and nearly three times as large as Vermont with 9565 square miles. In each of these states there are colleges that are to receive a share of the Rockefeller millions, which is denied Oregon on account of imaginary lines. In each there is a denser population, but in time this difference will disappear. To withhold this benefice on the basis of distribution of colleges over state areas is an unusual proceeding, and one scarcely defensible on the basis of sound reason. If the purpose of the Rockefeller endowment is to promote education it is not understandable why imaginary lines that are a mere handiwork of mortal men afford a reason for discrimination against one state and favoring another. If the real purpose of the fund and of the board of control is to educate, wherein does this unusual rule constitute a distinction that is a difference? The rule is so arbitrary and so purposeless that further effort by Oregon colleges ought to secure its revocation.

### JOSEPH'S CONVENTION

FOR once a view in retrospect turns a goodly moral. It has been contended hereabout that representative government is subverted by giving larger rights and governmental powers to the people, as has been done in Oregon. The claim was made with lofty lament and solemn countenance. It was voiced by those professing undying devotion to the constitution and purposes of the Fathers.

And what is their view of "representative government," so-called? It was reflected in the Simon convention. That convention so-called, has the stamp and seal of their saintly approval. It is their ideal of "representative government," vouchsafed, as they allege, by the Fathers, and handed down to us with tears and blessings to be our only own.

And what was this Simon convention, exemplifying the real and true "representative system"? When "this great and unexpected honor" was thrust on Joseph, who thrust it? Did the voters of Portland choose a single delegate to that convention. Did they send one single man there to "represent" them in this "representative" gathering? Did the masses supporting the various candidates of whom there were several men in the field have the slightest opportunity to be in that assembly, there to push the fortunes of their candidate?

Two hundred men were in that grand and glorious "constitutional" body. They were chosen, not by the vote of the voters after due notice and in an open field, but by a select baker's dozen. It was a convention that voted with but one voice, and that was the voice of Joseph. The "great and unexpected honor" was thrust upon him with several other good Republicans already announced as candidates, and with their several thousand friends and supporters kept discreetly and safely outside the precious fold. Those inside were Joseph's own lambs, good men, many of them, but all Joseph's lambs. Approving the proceedings later, one saintly apostle of "representative government" announced that the purpose of Mr. Simon's convention was to "concentrate" the vote for Mr. Simon.

And that was what was done. "Representative government" was snatched by one fell snatch from the jaws of death, and the common people taught to keep their place. The other candidates and their friends were taught that in this great and glorious country only the select can wear the crown. Joseph was almost overwhelmed at "this great and unexpected honor," and another triumph was scored for the representative system of which the poets sing and the saints are melodious.

### A NATIONAL MAGAZINE

THE COUNTRY is to have a monthly magazine, national in scope and devoted to dissemination of the doctrines of the Democratic party. It is to be published by Norman E. Mack, which is a guarantee that it will be of standard excellence. The home of the publication will be Buffalo, its name the National Monthly, and the subscription price $1 a year. It should have a field of great usefulness, and under the guiding hand of Mr. Mack will be eminently successful.

The country requires a strong Democratic party. Whether in control of affairs or whether as a minority, it has a manifest destiny. It occupies the middle ground between extremism, on the one hand, and overwhelming concentration on the other. It is, in defeat, almost as potent an influence for good government as any party can be in victory. The reins of government are not an essential in wielding influence. It is oftimes a prouder distinction to be a member of a minority party than to belong to that in control. The offices are a mere episode in party life. In a general way, the less men have of official life the better for them. The country is full of human wrecks whose descent down the scale began in office. It is full of disappointed men, who but for a few terms in office, would have worked out brilliant careers. Many a farm and many a fine business has been sacrificed under the temptation of its owner to seek officialism. Unless a position is filled with distinction its occupancy is no credit to the incumbent.

The ultimate of any party is the principle. The principle contemplates a service of the country rather than the party. The principles of Jefferson Democracy and Lincoln Republicanism should be preserved. They will be promoted in the new National Monthly, and therein will lie the usefulness of Mr. Mack's publication.

### WHEN AIR FLIGHT IS PERFECT

WHAT is to be the problem before men when the flying machine is perfected? The perpetrator of a crime in Oregon today can soar into the sky and be in Washington tomorrow. What footprints, what track or trace will he leave by which his apprehension can be contrived? If a train is held up, men killed and loot secured who will be able to identify the brigands when they alight by night perhaps from an aerial voyage in a state distant from the scene of crime? Does not the new device give the passions, cupidity and hatreds of men new powers of preying undetected upon the already almost defenseless race?

These remarks contemplate a flying machine much more highly developed than those now in use. Whether they are to come remains to be seen. The problem of such a machine is scarcely more than the progress in automobiles in a decade or ocean navigation in a quarter of a century. If we realize such a machine new problems will confront man. Tariff laws will be torn in shreds. Perfected air flight will present the spectacle of an almost impossible prevention of smuggling. We can hardly police the air, and unpoliced smuggling across border lines if not over oceans will be easy.

In the same way international laws will require amendment and treaties between nations become necessary, to limit the movements of aerial craft. In a fashion much of the fabric of state and national law will be swept aside, and new legislation be required. All these and other problems will be presented in the civil status, to say nothing of the exigencies of war ballooning, the destruction of a city by a single vicious or unbalanced man, and the other far reaching possibilities perfected navigation of the air will usher in.

### AIDING WILLAMETTE PEOPLE

VERY important information is asked by Major McIndoe of the United States engineer's office at Portland from the commercial bodies of the Willamette Valley. These bodies are requested to supply statistics with reference to the present volume of traffic on the Willamette river, the volume to be expected after the improvement of the river, and of the dockage facilities at each shipping point. The information is desired for use of the engineers and congress in the proposed acquirement by the government of the canal and locks at Oregon City and the deepening of the channel to Corvallis and Eugene. A prompt response by each commercial body, carrying full information on the points desired will greatly facilitate the efforts of the engineers, and possibly hasten the action of congress.

There is a mighty good case for the people in this Willamette project. There is no act that the commercial bodies of the region can do that will more greatly aid them in their efforts to promote the welfare of their territory. They have before them the results of a return to water transportation on the upper Columbia, by which rates are greatly reduced and offerings of freight overwhelming the present carrying capacity of the boats on the route. The first result of free locks will be 50 cents removed from the rate on all freight shipped in and out, a factor vitally consequential to the industry and commerce of the region. A second will be larger resort to water haul, better and faster boats, and a further reduction in transportation charges.

Everywhere in the world, the movement is toward water transportation, and the inhabitants of the Willamette region will be dead to their own interests if they do not keep step with these movements. The Willamette river in Germany would long ago have had millions of dollars literally poured into its improvement and would be now an artery of enormous commerce. It will be so used in Oregon, and the sooner that condition comes to pass, the swifter will be the development of the great valley through which it flows. The commercial bodies of the region, if they are alert and vigorous, will be prompt and thorough in their responses to Major McIndoe.

### RESIST THE BLANKET GIFT

CORPORATIONS HAVE rights. So has the public. Corporations should be accorded justice. So should the public. Corporations should not be assailed senselessly and without cause simply because they are corporations. Nor should the public be preyed upon simply because it is patient and meek. When their interests are in conflict, as they mostly are, there should be equitable adjustment between corporations and the people.

These remarks apply pertinently to the proposed blanket franchise. The Portland city council had no right to vote to the Portland Railway, Light & Power corporation the right to charge 5 cent fares for the long period of 24 years. It had no right to mortgage a genefation by any such concession. There is no reason for guaranteeing so vital a privilege to any corporation. There is absolutely no adequate reward to the public in return for such a valuable bestowal. The public of Portland is to be considered in any such a gift, for that public within a dozen years or even less by the process of invention or appearance of competing companies, might be able to secure 3 cent fares.

The vast increase of population to be expected in the life of the proposed franchise is in itself more than enough to indicate the folly of such a concession. There is every reason against bestowal of this right to exact 5 cent fares for a quarter of a century to come, and absolutely none in favor of it. There is no point to be gained by binding this city and its people by a mortgage on their transit for nearly an average lifetime. On the contrary, there is very much to be lost. It is monstrous for fathers to handicap their children by hanging over their heads ironclad agreements under which they must serve, especially when not one farthing of benefit is vouchsafed in return. It is the grip of traction corporations, facilitated by unwise municipal legislation, that is a blight upon the lowly in many an American city. The streetcar is the vehicle of the poor, not the rich. The millions that traction corporations earn come mostly from wage earners and toilers who cannot afford autos and carriages. It is time for Portland to set up a policy of justice alike for her corporations and her public. There is no surer or swifter way to a population of half a million than by guarding jealously the rights of the weak as well as the strong. This can be done by resisting the council in its purpose with reference to the blanket franchise, and that, for the above and other reasons, should be done, if necessary, by resort to the referendum.

The plan is announced for consolidating the Portland board of trade and the merchants exchange. News accounts are that the operations of each have been a handicap to the progress and operations of the other. The exigencies of the trade of so large a city as Portland suggest that every phase gives impetus to every activity, public and private. The new arrangement reached by the board of trade and the merchants exchange should be promotive of Portland and her many trade interests.

Anyway, Oregon has managed to struggle along without the aid of Rockefeller in educating her own boys and girls for 60 years or so, and has made a mighty good job of it. Probably she can do quite as well for the next 60 years, and have the satisfaction of knowing that her education is not tainted with coal oil.

## Woman On Her Way

From the Washington Post.

The struggle of women for the ballot is simply one phase of the profound change which has taken place in woman's relation to society, in its broad sense, during the century past. It is concomitant with woman's invasion of the industrial field, and it is a logical result of the revolution which in the closing days of the 18th century in America and France swept medievalism into the historical dust heap. It is a historical necessity that the great democratic movement for liberty and equality unleashed in those momentous days should complete itself in the liberation of women from medieval conditions and the readjustment of their status in a democratic and industrial society. The long and painful struggle for equality before the law has been practically won. Even the much deplored increase in divorce is a victory for woman, for it is the extreme protest against the medieval conception embalmed in ancient law that the wife is simply the property of her husband. The significance of this revolution is voiced by the literature of the century past, and particularly in the problem play, the popularity of which shows how deeply the question has entered into the public consciousness.

Woman's demand for the ballot is part and parcel of this profound change in her relation to modern industrial society. It is somewhat odd that it should materialize at a time when the tendency is toward restriction of the ballot for men. Manhood suffrage a century ago was the panacea proposed for all political ills. Time has shown that it brings evils as well as benefits. Yet the feminine propaganda is following the old blazed trail and the old ideals. Woman is on her way—somewhat blindly and toward an indefinite goal. Still, if she does not know where she is going, nevertheless she is on her way.

### A Wonderful Fiber From the Sea.

A remarkable vegetable fiber which can be used in textile manufactures has been discovered in Australia and is reported to the bureau of commerce and labor by Consul Jewell of Melbourne.

It will spin and weave in union with wool, and is the only vegetable fiber which will take dye equally well. It is practically non-inflammable, its charring point being 373 degrees fahrenheit, and, unlike cotton, it is an excellent non-conductor of heat. It will not shrink, and it possesses considerable resiliency. Blankets and cloth made of wool and the newly discovered fiber have attracted favorable notice in Australia. It makes excellent carpets, matting, bagging and wool packs, and is as good as oakum for calking.

The fiber is the result of the sheddings of the leaf sheath of a sea grass botannically known as Posidonia Australis, belonging to the order of Naiadeoe, and has so far been found in only one place in the world—Spencer gulf, South Australia. The sheddings have been imprisoned by the action of wind and waves in the sand flats of the gulf. Soundings have revealed layers of the fiber averaging 12 feet in depth under four feet of water. They are the accumulation of centuries, and are estimated to aggregate millions of tons, of varying degrees of fineness. The fiber can be gathered easily with dredges fitted with special buckets and rakes, and also equipped with agitators and wringers similar to those used for the washing of wool. The cost of the rough dried fiber on board the dredge, it is calculated will be $3.65 per ton, and it is expected to find a ready market at 6 cents per pound, with higher prices for the finer grades.

The discovery adds a new wonder to the list of nature's gifts to man, and will no doubt suggest explorations and experiments productive of other economies in the direction of utilizing for industrial purposes the vegetation of the sea. The first paper, it will be remembered, was made by the Egyptians from a water plant, the papyrus. It may be found that there are seaweeds which chemistry and machinery can turn to paper, thus lessening the demand upon the forests. Here is an idea which somebody is likely before long to turn to practical account.

### Party Lines Disappearing.

From the Cincinnati Enquirer.

The Oregon, California, Colorado, Nebraska, Kansas, Nevada, Minnesota and Wisconsin brand of Republicanism is not the same as that of New York, Pennsylvania and New England.

The country under President Taft's administration will probably find party lines almost wiped out.

His administration will be more national in its character than any we have had since the time of Monroe.

But after party lines disappear for a time, early or late, will come a day when they will suddenly resume their power; under new alignments, without doubt; not sectional, we hope; but for the safety and security of the form of government there is absolute need of two or more strong and patriotic organizations.

### Cruelty of Nose Bags.

From the Buffalo Horse World.

For a moment put yourself in the position of a horse forced to feed out of some of our nosebags. His head is encased in a close fitting, wholly unventilated, foul and heavy attachment in the shape of a bag. Though his lips are very flexible and constructed so that his mouth may perform some of the functions of a man's hands in the matter of feeding, the horse cannot reach his food. He is compelled to toss the bag upwards so that the last of the feed may come within his reach.

In this way the grains of the feed get into his nostrils and cause him great annoyance. With his breathing hindered and his nostrils clogged with grain he is in far more agony than a horse that gets a dozen vicious cuts of the whip.

### Just Time!

John Burroughs, in the April Atlantic

Truly it is hard for us to realize what a part time has played in the earth's history—just time, duration—so slowly, oh, so slowly, have the great changes been brought about! The turning of mud and silt into rock in the bottom of the old seas seems to have been merely a question of time. Mud does not become rock in man's time, nor vegetable matter become coal. These processes are too slow for us. The flexing and folding of the rocky strata, miles deep, under an even pressure, is only a question of time. Allow time enough and force enough, and a layer of granite may be bent like a bow. The crystals of the rock seem to adjust themselves to the strain, and to take up new positions, just as they do, much more rapidly, in a cake of ice under pressure. Probably no human agency could flex a stratum of rock, because there is not time enough, even if there were power enough. "A low temperature acting gradually," says my geology, "during an indefinite age would produce results that could not be otherwise brought about save through greater heat." "Give us time," say the great mechanical forces, "and we will show you the immobile rocks and your rigid mountain chains as flexible as a piece of leather." "Give us time," say the dews and the rains and the snowflakes, "and we will make you a garden out of those same stubborn rocks and frowning ledges." "Give us time," says Life, starting with its protozoans in the old Cambrian seas, "and I will not stop till I have peopled the earth with myriad forms and crowned them all with man."

### How to Kill Squirrels.

The editor of the Mount Scott Tribune calls The Journal's attention to a "new squirrel killer," concerning which it published last summer, and recently republished the following: Edward Anderson, living on the foot hills near Weston, has originated a cheap and successful method of exterminating squirrels, which have caused much damage in his locality. Locating a populous squirrel colony, he goes out with an equipment of newspaper scraps, sulphur, and matches. At every hole he places a slip of paper and a teaspoonful of sulphur. Setting this afire, he covers the blaze with weeds and dirt. The result is that the squirrels are all smothered in their subterranean houses. One pound of sulphur will kill 200 squirrels.

### More Praise for The Journal.

From the Coos Bay Times.

There has been much favorable comment among Coos Bay boosters recently anent the friendly attitude of the Portland Journal toward this section. The Times is pleased to add its voice to the swelling paean of praise for the many good words that metropolitan journal is publishing concerning Coos Bay and all southwestern Oregon. The Journal is rapidly taking its place as Oregon's representative state paper because of its broad and liberal policy in giving recognition to all sections.

### This Date in History.

1809—Robert M. T. Hunter, statesman, born in Essex county, Virginia. Died there July 18, 1887.

1827—Branch of the Society of Friends known as the Hicksites founded.

1836—Texans defeated the Mexicans at battle of San Jacinto.

1855—Riots in Chicago over the license question.

1879—General John A. Dix died. Born July 24, 1798.

1894—Strike of 130,000 miners inaugurated in the bituminous coal region.

1895—Edward Cary Walthall, United States senator from Mississippi, died in Washington, D. C.

1905—Cretan assembly proclaimed a union of Crete and Greece.

### Princess August William's Birthday.

Princess August William, wife of the fourth son of the German emperor, was born April 21, 1887, in the ducal palace at Gruenholz. Before her marriage to Prince August William in 1908, she was Princess Alexandra Victoria, the daughter of Prince Frederick, duke of Schleswig-Holstein. The princess was educated entirely by private masters and is said to be unusually cultured and beautiful. Since their marriage a year ago she and her husband, Prince August William, have occupied an establishment of their own not far from the imperial palace of Potsdam.

## COMMENT AND NEWS IN BRIEF

### SMALL CHANGE

We still predict a spring.

* * *

Young Turks should be tender.

* * *

Joan of Arc surely earned future felicity.

* * *

No-siree; we wouldn't trade Taft for the Turk.

* * *

His name should have been not Castro, but Castoff.

* * *

Poor pert paragraphers: it's between fuel and ice seasons.

* * *

There is a crisis now in Turkey every morning before breakfast.

* * *

By the way, what a happy silence surrounds Harry Thaw lately.

* * *

But won't nature be glorious after the deferred rains and when it gets warm?

* * *

A little spring rain, now and then, would be welcomed by all sorts of men.

* * *

General Booth hasn't saved the world, but he helped a little; did what he could.

* * *

But Hains will be proved quite sane a few months hence, probably if acquitted.

* * *

Hetty Green says she's lonely. Yet she has millions, and it is said that money talks.

* * *

This is a pretty good, safe, sane, stable country, after all, when one comes to think of it.

* * *

Why is Niagara unlike a tariff revisionist or a suffragette? Niagara lately dried up.

* * *

Now, you Africans, get civilized and Christianized, right away; you never had such a chance.

* * *

Scientists say whale's milk is an ideal food. Now we want to buy a whale, and none in the market.

* * *

An Ohio prohibitionist was caught putting water in milk he sold. This is carrying out a principle rather too far.

* * *

The czar of Russia is probably reading with considerable interest news of what is happening to his friend Abdul.

* * *

Baltimore keeps on supplying the world with beautiful women, says the Sun of that city. Indeed! Never came out to the Pacific coast, did you?

* * *

Some men, they say, would rather be right than president. But did anybody ever hear of a man who would rather be right than to hold his job as umpire?

* * *

The natives of Mombasa are reported as becoming nervous and restless, says a report. They needn't worry. He blusters a lot, but he never busted a trust.

* * *

Alluding to hundreds of cases of violations of regulations by automobilists, the New York World says: "Obviously the only remedy for this state of things is penalties so severe that automobilists will fear them and respect the law. As a class they plainly do neither at present."

### OREGON SIDELIGHTS

A brickyard has started up at Klamath Falls.

* * *

Medford is gradually becoming quite a jobbing center.

* * *

Eugene thinks it will show up 15,000 in the next census.

* * *

In six months Jackson county has spent $28,571 on roads.

* * *

Nearly every Oregon town is going to celebrate. Wall street be blowed.

* * *

Three circusses already billed for up-valley towns. Gee! the boys are happy.

* * *

The editor of the Ione Proclaimer was presented with a fine mess of mustard greens.

* * *

Prospects of bumper wheat crops in Linn county—and indeed everywhere in Oregon.

* * *

The trouble in the Athena water situation has been exaggerated and misrepresented.

* * *

Almost all Washington county's taxes of nearly $240,000 were paid in full. Everybody over there has money.

* * *

Threshermen are thoroughly organizing. They, too, will have a harvest this year. The farmers can afford to pay.

* * *

A woman doctor of Silver Lake has ordered an automobile from Chicago. Thought nobody ever got sick up there.

* * *

It is apparent to all that a new spirit pervades in Elgin and that a general awakening is taking place, says the Recorder.

* * *

Double the amount of building in Eugene this year, compared with 1908. And we thought we had a building boom then, says the Guard.

* * *

Johnny Silvertooth is going to have a launch on Silver lake, and will make summer excursions with fair friends under the silver moon.

* * *

Odell correspondence of Hood River Glacier: After looking the valley over the great evangelist, William Sunday, decided that Odell was the place, and purchased 33 acres of land.

* * *

A farmer in buying a box of cartridges in Medford, said: "These are for automobilists who hog the road. I am not going to shoot them—just the auto, puncture a tire or put a bullet through the works. The women motorists are the worst. Sometimes the men refuse to give part of the road, but seldom. But the women are reckless drivers, and seem to take a delight in trying to cripple a horse."

* * *

A Bend man tells the Bulletin this fish story: He went fishing for "dollies," and had a strike and began to reel in what he declares was the king of the colony—but he only succeeded in getting the fish to the surface when he slipped off, leaving on the the hook a 10 inch whitefish, which he had swallowed whole some time previously, and in which the hook had caught when he swallowed it; and when the unfortunate white fish parted from the hungry maw of the finny monster it made a noise like a cow pulling her foot out of the mud down in Tillamook.

## FAMOUS GEMS OF PROSE

### "The Town of Concord"—By George D. Robinson

(From a banquet address at the celebration of the 250th anniversary of the settlement of the town, September 12, 1885).

The early settlers of Concord, we must believe, could not fully have anticipated what has resulted. They worked with the highest ideal in view, but we can hardly fancy that the men who founded the town in 1635 saw that with unerring certainty the signal distinction would fall there that came in 1775. Patriotism was not confined to that town, it spread everywhere. There were other hills and other rivers and other bridges and other ways, and none but divine knowledge could have known that it would come to the stream in Concord.

It is not the old North bridge that makes the town justly famous. Down through the Locrian mountains ran the defile of Thermopylae. It would have remained unknown in history, without even a mention or recognition, had not 300 brave souls gone down there for Lacedaemon's cause. Bridges everywhere streams numerous, the North bridge not significant; but the manhood that stood on the bridge, and stemmed the tide of British aggression, and turned back the onset in victory, was peculiar to that time. The old bridge has disappeared, the traveler sees it no more. He loves to know that its planks have passed into the foundation work of the platform in the town hall. He knows that the shot was heard round the world; but, more, the impulse went everywhere, and wherever the oppressed recognized it, there came confidence and courage and encouragement.

Our independence was surely not the work of a year or of a decade. The work, the process, commenced with the first settlement. More than a century passed while this movement was proceeding to its unerring result. The church, the schoolhouse, the town meeting were educating the people to know not only that it was their right to be free, but were inspiring them with the heroism that would dare in the future to declare that independence. So surely under God's providence was the power implanted in the people that should strike down oppression.

Said the great inventor Stephenson, to the dean of Westminster, "What impels that locomotive engine?" "Why, sir, steam of course." "No," said Stephenson, "it is the sunbeam that God sent into the flowers." The great drama was prepared and rehearsed in Concord from 1635 to 1775, and then the first act was opened there in the presence and with the knowledge of the civilized world, and the curtain was not rung down at the close until Yorktown came and America was free forevermore.

We may look with trembling and anxiety in our imaginings of what the future shall be. We can safely trust the past. We know that in the early days congress sat in Concord choosing John Hancock to the presidency. We do not fail to remember that Harvard college for a time found its home in that town. And though it may be that in the later years Harvard has gone to her permanent establishment in the city where it was first located, yet, wherever literature and science and statesmanship and poetry, and romance and philosophy, are considered, there shall be told the name of Concord. And though congress comes no longer there, Concord's sons are in the great congress of the nation, expressing her intelligence and her power.

If it be so in the future, we need have no anxiety or apprehension for what shall come.

We can bear to the future no greater
than to us the past hath brought:
Faithful to the lowliest duty, true to
the loftiest thought.

And as we look back only a few years, as we look back to the work that was done from 1861 to 1865, when we see that Concord blood and Concord courage and Concord patriotism failed not in the nation's emergency, we know that whatever may betide, so long as the schoolhouse, the church and religion and integrity, shall stand, there shall yet be a grand army that will take care that the nation shall live.

## The REALM FEMININE

### The Taking of Cures.

ONE of the most curious things to observe is the way in which women tinker with their physical health without a shadow of the idea of the responsibility that they are incurring.

Mrs. A. doesn't feel at all well. She drops in to see Mrs. B., and there meets Mrs. C., whom she never saw before in her life. After a delightful hour spent in talking over each one's ailments and the difficulties of keeping servants, Mrs. A. departs with her head buzzing with the new recipe she has just learned. She can hardly wait to get to the nearest drugstore to get five cents' worth of this and half an ounce of that. You mix them together and take the mixture every morning and in two weeks you'll see. Mrs. C. said so.

Another good woman has a headache. She doesn't know from what cause, but she believes it is springtime and therefore her liver must be out of order. People's livers generally are out of order in the spring. Or their blood. So she decides to take sulphur and molasses or quinine and sassafras root or some other abomination. It makes her feel wretched and takes away what little appetite she had, but that is because the medicine is "working on her." It always feels like that until you get used to it.

Mrs. S. is too fat. She has always been too fat and it never troubled her very much until she saw an advertisement which blazoned in large letters Dr. So and So's Fat-No-More. No tiresome exercise, this advertisement tells her. No starvation. Eat anything you want to. Don't tire yourself out. Just take a teaspoonful of this concoction every night and pretty soon you will look like the picture of the sylph on the bottle. So without knowing anything whatever about the ingredients of the mixture, and without consulting any person who might know of its effects, she buys the advertised stuff and takes it.

That she may be seriously undermining her constitution never enters her silly head. That nobody can possibly reduce flesh without diet and exercise, she prefers not to believe. The advertisement said—and that's all the argument she needs.

And if this kind of tinkering with one's interior mechanism were the end of the evil it would not be so bad, for after taking any of these strange concoctions for awhile the women who use them grow tired and lazy about their new cure and turn to something else, but the worse evil is that they doctor the children in the same way.

A puny, sickly child who needs to have her diet carefully watched, will be given some so-called tonic to build her up, merely on a neighbor's or a stranger's advice. A bottle of this and then a bottle of that and then something else—anything that anybody thinks was once good for somebody else once upon a time.

What a foolhardy thing to do, if it is called by no worse name. The idea of risking the health and experimenting with the digestion of a sickly child in such fashion. How is it possible in this age of supposed enlightenment?

But it is done, and by people who should really know better. Why do not mothers realize that good water, carefully chosen food, fresh air and abundant exercise are the elements which are needed for building up the health of the weak or puny child, and that he, in even greater measure than the vigorous youngster, needs watchful care that his digestive organs are not overtaxed with useless and dangerous drugs. Only under the advice of a thoroughly competent physician should any tonic or other medicine be given to a child, or an adult either, for that matter. For having once got the drug into the system, the next thing is to get it out, and that is often a very difficult matter.

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### Tea Cakes.

From Woman's Home Companion.

ABERNETHY BISCUIT—Sift together three pints of flour, two tablespoonfuls of baking powder. Rub into this four tablespoonfuls of lard or butter; then add two eggs and two cupfuls of milk and two tablespoonfuls of caraway seed. Roll out thin, cut with a small, round biscuit cutter, and bake until a delicate brown.

English Biscuit—Sift together three cupfuls of flour, one cupful of corn starch, four tablespoonfuls of baking powder and three tablespoonfuls of sugar; rub into this one large tablespoonful of lard or butter. Then add one egg, one cupful of milk, one half cupful of currants and one tablespoonful of coriander seed. Roll out thin, and bake in a quick oven.

Sugar Biscuit—Take one tablespoonful of lard, one coffee cupful of sugar, two eggs and one cupful of milk, and beat to a cream; then add three cupfuls of flour in which has been sifted two teaspoonfuls of baking powder and a pinch of salt. Mix into a smooth batter, and drop from a teaspoon into a baking tin. Bake in a hot oven until a delicate brown.

Almond Macaroons—To the beaten whites of six eggs add eight ounces of blanched and powdered almonds. With the yolks of the eggs beat one pound of powdered sugar; add the grated rind of two lemons and a little sliced citron and one fourth of a pound of flour, and mix well together. Beat lightly into this the almond whip. Drop from a spoon upon greased paper, and bake in a moderate oven until done.

Cream Macaroons—Beat the whites and the yolks of six eggs separately. Add to the yolks three ounces of powdered sugar and the same amount of flour. Add the whites of the eggs and enough flavored whipped cream to mix well; pour into molds, and bake a delicate brown.

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### Vegetable Salad in Jelly.

CUT into fancy shapes 2½ cupfuls of cold boiled vegetables—carrots, potatoes, beets, with a few peas, beans, asparagus tips and any other vegetables that may be handy. Into a cupful of boiling meat stock pour ¼ of a box of gelatine dissolved in ½ a cup of water, a teaspoonful of onion juice and a dash of celery salt. Pour over the vegetables either in a mould or a round dish, and let stand until cold. Garnish with small radishes and serve on lettuce leaves with mayonnaise.

## The Bullied Witness

(Contributed to The Journal by Walt Mason, the famous Kansas poet. His prose-poems will be a regular feature of this column in The Daily Journal.)

At morn I saw him, for the courthouse bound, and glad smiles chased his jovial mug around; chipper was he, and blithe and gay and bold, kicking his heels like any 2-year-old. At eve I saw him on his homeward way, broken with grief, and bent and worn and gray, laying the dust with tears that fairly steamed, and when I spoke he jumped 10 yards and screamed. Through the long day, within the courthouse dim, lawyers had nagged and clawed and badgered him, asking him things and scorning his reply, proving that truth is but a futile lie; shaking their fists beneath his pallid nose, pawing the air and stamping on his toes. Aptly they showed, with eloquence unloosed, that he had robbed a widow's chicken roost; hence it was plain that all his evidence hadn't the worth of twenty (20) phoney cents. And so that witness took his journey home; fear held his heart, and hate were in his dome; when from the peep-hole of his padded cell, he sees a lawyer, you may hear him yell.

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Walt Mason